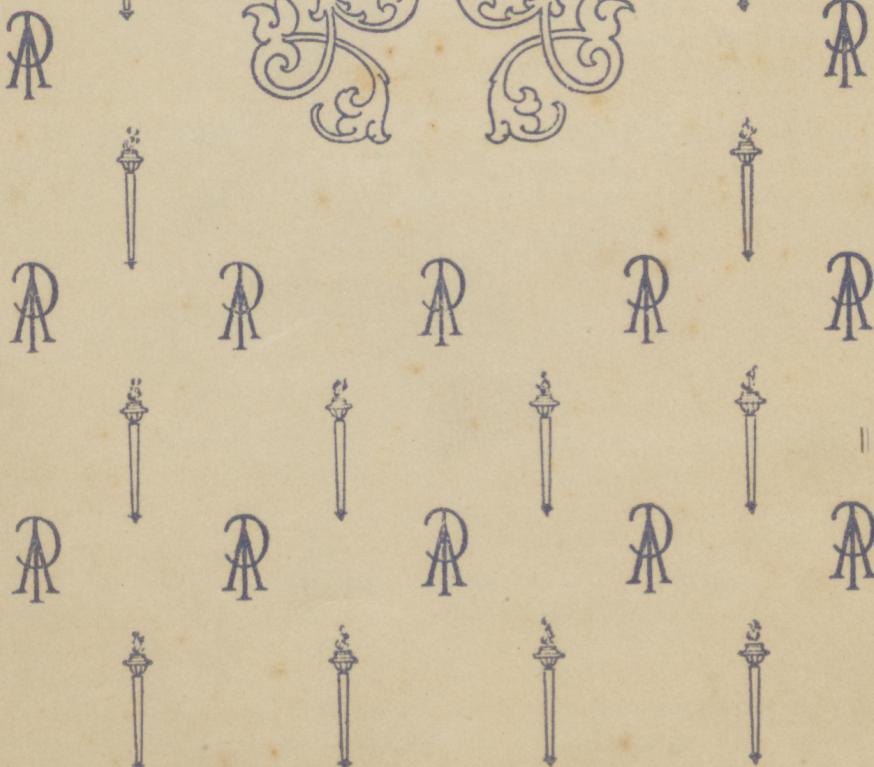
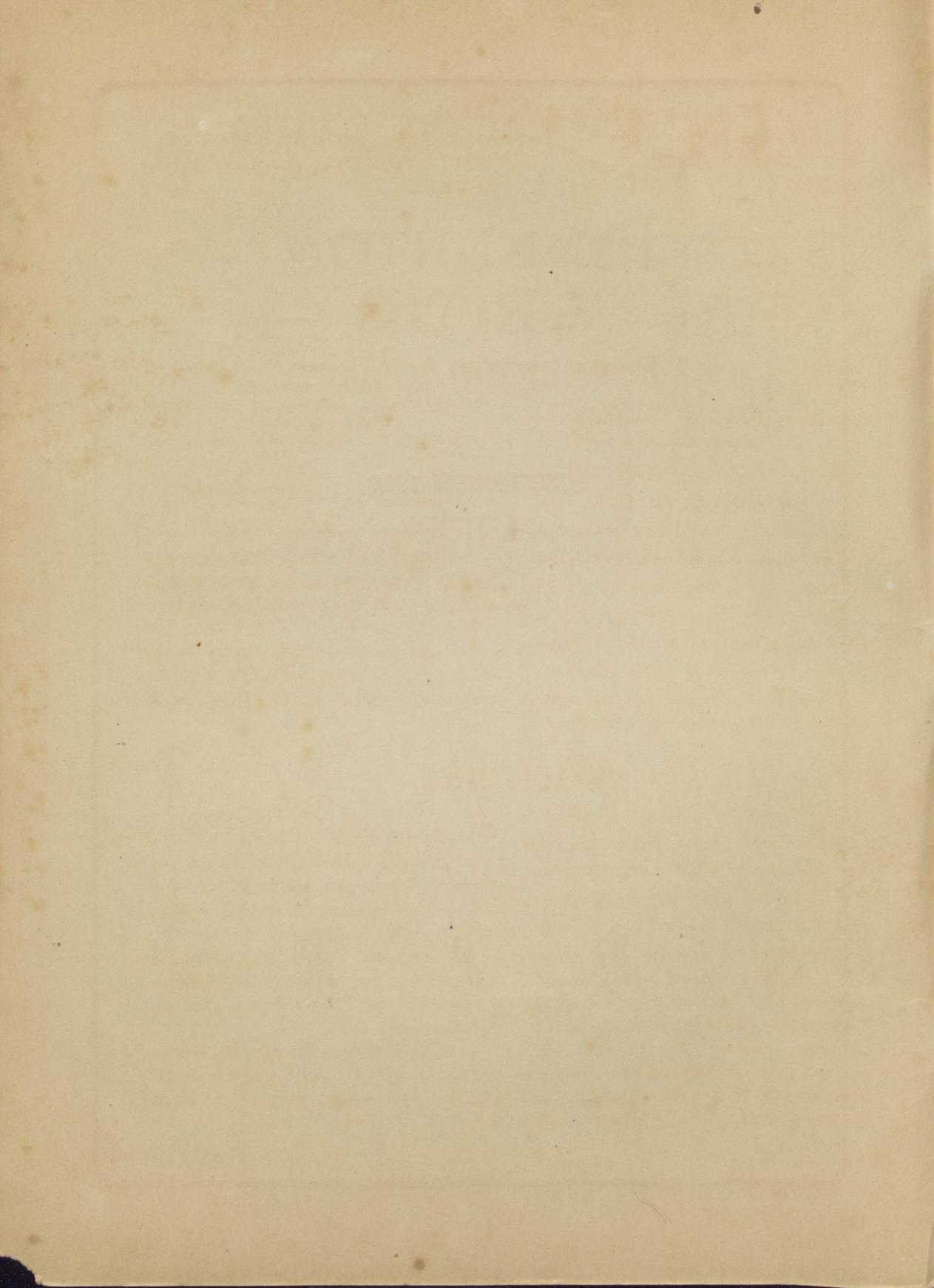


Irma Rogers

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THE
PINKERTON
CRITIC
PINKERTON ACADEMY

DECEMBER 1917





The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. X.

DERRY, N. H., DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 1

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DERRY, H. H., 1917.

The summer is gone and Jack Frost is telling us that winter is here by pinching our ears, noses, fingers and toes. The first snow has come and we are all looking forward to that which winter brings us.

Thanksgiving day has just passed and in spite of this terrible war we have much

Welcome.

THE CRITIC is pleased to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Horne, the new Principal, Mr. Harold Long, the new English teacher, and to Mr. Reynolds who returns to Derry after five years service as Principal of the Biddeford High school.

Mr. Horne graduated from Pinkerton in the class of 1888. He organized the Philomathean Society which is still in existence, and was one of the originators of our school paper, and was its first editor-in-chief. For eight years Mr. Horne was Principal of Dummer Acad-

emy, and for ten years President of the Kumebemeka school in Honolulu.

Mr. Long is a graduate of Brown and received his A. M. degree at Harvard. He certainly is doing his best to improve our knowledge of English.

Mr. Reynolds also is a graduate of Harvard, and taught here at our Academy for several years. We are very glad he has returned to us.

During the few months that Mr. Horne has had charge of Pinkerton he has shown that he is the right man in the right place.

BOARD OF EDITORS,

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William Bond '16

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Ralph Miltimore '14

Ralph Hall '14

Clifton Bloomfield '15

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Arthur Bergeron '19

Wilbur Stearns '14 Corporal

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Russell Rice '17

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Edward Stevens '00 Sergeant

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Arthur Young '09

Paul Quimby '13

Roy Graham '11

Harold Grant '15

Alfred Holingshead '12

Harvey Feinauer '15

Pinkerton Roll of Honor.

Since this terrible war broke out many of our Alumni have left us. Some have gone to the navy and others to the army, filling many and various kinds of positions for the government. We have secured several names and will endeavor to increase the number as we obtain their names in each issue of our paper,

NAVY.

Howard Campbell, '18

Harold Curtis '12

Harold Davis '17

Merrill Davis '17

Ralph Davis '08

Edgar Grateau '14

Edwin Laws '17

Wesley Low '14

Andrew Mack '12 Junior Lieutenant

Walter Martin '16

Arthur Morrill '19

Watts Pillsbury '08

William Pillsbury '15

L. B. '19.

'Tis More Blessed

Mary Rose jumped lightly from the high step of an electric car, and walked eagerly across the street. Her eyes were shining, her lips smiling, and "happiness" just shone from her face. In her hand she grasped a small purse, and from time to time, she glanced at it lovingly, as if to assure herself that it really was her purse and nothing else, that her hand held.

For two long months, Mary Rose had saved all her pennies and nickles, until she now had three dollars, and with that sum she intended to buy herself a pair of kid gloves—beautiful, soft, gray kid gloves, with black stitching on the backs, and narrow black bands around the wrists. How Mary Rose had longed for those gloves! Each morning she stopped and gazed at them, as they lay in a large display window of a high priced store. At first she had not thought it possible to save enough to buy them, for didn't she have to give to her mother five or six dollars of what she earned every week and did not car fares amount to sixty cents?

However the more she thought it over the more determined she was to possess those gloves. She had saved her nickles and dimes from lunch money, and had walked the long four miles to work many a cold morning. She had begun to save the last of October, and now, on the twenty-fourth day of December she was on her way to buy those long longed-for gloves. No wonder her eyes shone and her lips smiled! She was going to buy herself a Christmas present!

Mary Rose stopped a moment, before crossing a busy street, and while she was

seeing visions of beautiful gray gloves she heard a sad little voice say.

"Yes, so do I—mine is most froze."

Mary Rose turned 'round, and saw two little fellows gazing at some shoes in a store window. The boys were very poorly clad, and their bare fingers were blue with the cold. Their shoes were minus toes and lacings, and their small toes were exposed to the wind and cold. Mary Rose's heart ached as she watched them, but what could she, a poor girl do? Then she heard one of them say.

"It's dreadful c-cold T-tommy, and m-my feet is most froze. Oh if I c-could just h-have some s-shoes I'd be so glad, I wish Santa would b-bring me s-some this year, but he n-never h-has."

Mary Rose's eyes filled with tears. Impulsively she went to the boys, and said "You poor kiddies, you shall have some shoes," and leading the amazed children into the warm store, she told the clerk to fit each of them with a warm pair of boots.

After the clerk had put the shoes on the little cold feet, Mary Rose asked how much they were.

"A dollar and fifty cents apiece," said the clerk smiling at her.

Mary Rose's lips trembled as she gave him her three dollars, but her voice was cheery as she led the happy children out of the store, and told them to run home. As she left them, she heard one of them say.

"Gee whiz; Jimmy, she must be Santa's wife, ain't these swell shoes?"

Mary Rose hurried home with a heavy heart. "I can never have my gray gloves

now," she thought, as she opened the hall door. "Well, never mind, the kiddies are happy."

"Here's a letter for you, from Aunt Mary," said her mother.

Mary Rose took it listlessly, and went to her room. Once there, she threw herself on her bed and sobbed. At last she sat up and wiped her eyes, and opened her letter. A small something fell out, and she picked

it up. As she unfolded it, she saw that it was a bill. Eagerly she took it to the window and found the number "five" in the corners.

Mary Rose stood still. Visions of gray gloves floated before her eyes. Then with a happy laugh she ran from her room, and down stairs to eat her supper before it was time to catch the next car into town to buy herself a pair of beautiful soft gray kid gloves. J. W. '19.

Clubs and Class Officers

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Louise Paradise	President
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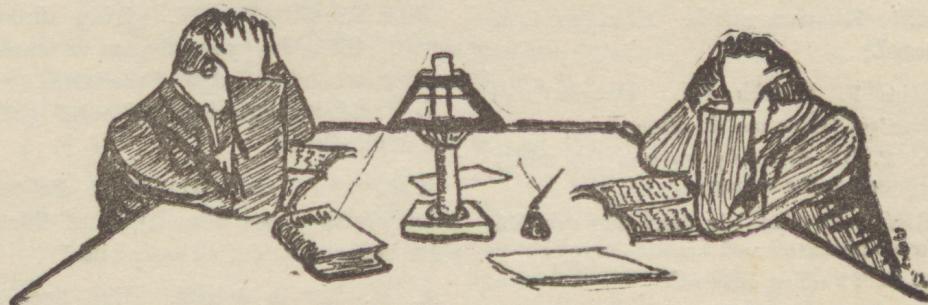
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R. Avery Vice President
R. Morrill Sec. and Treas.

Senior Roll Call

R. H. '18.

Roy Avery	Roy	Ruth Hall	Rufus or Aunt Lyddie
Esther Bean	Esther	Natalie Haseltine	Nat
Robert Beckley	Bob	Elwin Nutt	Nut
Mary Brown	Macey	Louise Paradise	Lou or Squeeze
Howard Campbell	Camy	Olga Raitt	Olga
Emily Clark	Emi or Enilie	Lillian Reid	Lill or Tilly
Zada Davidson	Sook or Slats	Benjamin Stevens	Bunnie
Bernadette Durette	Bunnie	Donald Stevens	Don
Gladys Childs	Glad	Virginia Stevens	Gin
Henry Ford	Cyrus	Franklin Cooper	Kewpie
		Robert Plummer	Rob

GRINDS



Mr. L. (Eng. IV.)

Reading a Theme.

It was a beautiful morning in July . . .
Oh!! don't forget that test in Macbeth.

Seniors are supposed to be educated but here is a sentence taken from a senior theme. Old "Mose" had a great habit of chattering with people. (chatting)

Mr. L.— breathlessly reading the roll call: "Mr. Avery, Beckley, Colby, Coopy —no, pardon me, Mr. Cooper." But the word was said, the class had laughed, and a great wrong done. From now on and henceforth, even forever more, smiling, genial F. C. will be known as Cupie.

F. S. '19. To Miss M. (shorthand class) What is the first word in that story? Miss M. "She," You know all funny stories begin that way.

Hurrah for the Freshies

So young and so dear,
They'll bring them in go carts
In a couple of years.—Ex.

If you want a special mail man (?) you will find C. M. '19 quite a competent person.

F. E. '19 Eng. III. "John Bunyan married a wife."

We are wondering if repairing the floor where U. B. '21 fell the other day will be a great expense.

THE TRUTH.

A school paper's a good invention,
The staff gets all the fame
The printer all the money,
And the editor all the blame.

Eng. III. Mr. L. Who was James I?

M. S. '19. James I was the daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots.

French II. L. S. '19 translating.

Madame le tirait a part.

The lady pulled him apart. Poor man!

Debate: N. H. '18. Urging her point of mental superiority of woman over man. "At any rate, Thomas A. Edison is deaf. He can't even hear any one on the phone."

A. H. '19, getting to his feet with alacrity. "Madame President,—may I ask if it is poor Thomas Edison's fault if he is deaf?" Hilarious mirth. Even Mr. L. is affected.

Miss F. French III. Donnez moi l'imperfect (Give me the imperfect.)

L. P. '18 dreamily-trayons (to milk) (supposed to be vaincre).

Miss P. Physics. Is there any relation between patented and kinetic energy?

B. B. '19 "Yes, Sisters."

L. F. '19 transcribing shorthand notes —The serge suit was trimmed with determine (ermine) and maitin fur.

German II Miss F. Where is wurde germacht made.

Enslin—I don't think I understand your question.

Miss F.—Well I don't mean is it made in Germany.

In the language of Shakespeare

Seniors: All's well that ends well.

Juniors: As you like it.

Sophomores: Much ado about nothing.

Freshies: Comedy of Errors.

Miss P. (Physics) "What is friction?"

B. B. '19 (Scratching his head) "Rubbing of something else."

Dom. Sci. IV (Miss W. giving directions). Girls, dip your fingers in water and run around the edge of the tarts.

L. P. '18 (Stage whisper) Careful girls you don't slip off.

K. L. '18 (German II) (und dichtes Erlengebrish shoss uberalt) "And thick alder bushes shot out all over him."

A. H. '19 in debate. High license means local optician (option).

Miss M. (Bookkeeping) Tomorrow we will have a Quiz on the Grocery Set.

G. S. '20. What is a Quiz.

Athletics

The athletic prospects at the beginning of this season were not particularly bright. Tewksbury's return for a post-graduate course and as Captain of the eleven, undoubtedly cleared the football sky to a great extent.

The coming of Mr. Connor as coach proved to be very fortunate. His efforts in building up a team and the results realized, deserve a great deal of praise.

PINKERTON 28

MANCHESTER BAPTIST A. A. 0

M. B. A. A.

V. Blake, re

Stwart, re

G. Godding, lt

Miltimore, lg

Shaw, lg

Manning, lg

Smith, c

Cushion, rg

P. A.

re, Knight

re, Rand

rt, Sing

rt Low

rg, Bergeron

rg, Morrill

c, Bailey

lg, Martin

H. Foshay, rg	lt, Madden	Glennie, lg	rg, Morrill
Gowityke, rt	lt, Cross	Godfrey, lt	rt, Sing
Titus, re	le, Dion	Garneau, le	re, Blake (Ross)
N. Godding, re	le, Nutt	Willett, qb	qb, Shackett
Foshay, (Capt.) qb	le, Ross	Collins, rhb	lhb, Stearns (Hepworth)
Marsh, lhb	qb, Shackett	Mitchell, lhb	rhb, Campbell
H. Blake, rhb	rhb, Tewksbury, (Capt.)	Dame, fb	fb, Tewksbury, (Capt)
Travis, fb	rhb, Hepworth	Score: Touchdowns, Stearns, Shackett,	Campbell 3.
	lhb, Stearns	Goals from touchdowns,	Campbell 3.
	fb, Neal	Referee, Murphy. Umpire,	Connor.

Score: Touchdowns, Stearns 3; Shackett. Safety Touchdown, Miltimore. Goals from touchdowns, Knight 3. Referee, Blakey. Umpire, Taylor. Head linesman, Raitt. Timers, Long and Reynolds. Time, four minute periods.

PINKERTON 7; PUNCHARD 13

P. H. S.	P. A.		
J. Cronin, le	re, Knight		
McCullum, le	rt, Sing		
Walker, lg	rg, Morrill		
Daley, c	c, Bailey		
Brown, rg	lg, Martin		
Barnard, rt	lt, Cross		
Lindsey, re	lt, Madden		
Dalton, qb	le, Nutt		
McConbie, lhb	le, Neal		
W. Cronin, (Capt.) rhb	qb, Shackett		
Sellars, fb	lhb, Stearns		
	rhb, Campbell		
	fb, Tewksbury, (Capt)		

Score: Touchdowns, W. Cronin 2; Campbell. Goals from touchdowns, W. Cronin, Campbell. Time, four twelve minute periods.

PINKERTON 33; JOHNSON 0

J. H. S.	P. A.		
Smith, re	le, Neal (Nutt)		
Moody, rt	lt, Cross		
Ayer, rg	lg, Martin		
Kemp, c	c, Bailey		

PINKERTON 27; METHUEN 0

P. A.	M. H. S.
Neal, (Nutt,) le	re, Townsend
Madden, Cross), lt	rt, Kenny
Martin, lg	rg, Niel
Bailey, c	rg, Kimball
Morrill, (Low), rg	c, Johnston
Beckley, (Sing). rt	lg, Winn
Blake, (Ross), re	lt, E. Wilkison
Shackett, qb	re, Acher
Stearns, (Hepworth), lhb	qb, Dawson
Campbell, rhb	lhb, R. Wilkison
Tewksbury, (Capt), fb	rhb, Slingsby
	fb, Russell

Score. Pinkerton 27, Methuen 0. Touchdowns, Shackett, Tewksbury, Campbell 2. Goals from touchdowns, Campbell 3. Referee, Blakey. Umpire, Butman. Head linesman, Cole. Timer, Reynolds. Time, four ten minute periods.

PINKERTON 38; AMESBURY 0

P. A.	A. H. S.
Nutt, le	re, Currier, (Hume)
Madden, (Cross), lt	rt, Barned
Martin, (Low), lg	rg, Putnam
Bailey, c	c, Cosgrove
Morrill, rg	lg, Murphy
Beckley, (Sing), rt	lt, Mann
Blake, re	le, Wilbur
Shackett, qb	qb, Clark

Stearns, (Hepworth), lhb	lhb, Antell	Time, four twelve minute periods.
Campbell, rhb	rhb, Kelley	PINKERTON 81; SANBORN SEM. 0
Tewksbury, (Capt.), fb	fb, Brummitt	P. A. S. Sem.
Score. Pinkerton 38, Amesbury 0.		Neal, (Nutt), le re, Bakey
Touchdowns, Tewksbury, Stearns, Campbell 4. Goals from touchdowns, Campbell 2. Referee, Blakey. Umpire, Pierce.		Beckley, lt rt, Ross
Timer, Reynolds.		Martin, lg rg, Smith
Time, four ten minute periods.		Bailey, c c, Gove
PINKERTON 27, ALLEN 6		Morrill, (Low), rg lg, Folson
P. A. Allen S.		Sing, rt lt, Beaulieu
Neal, (Nutt), le re, Plummer(P.Chalmers)		Blake, (Ross), re le, W. Bakey
Beckley, (Madden), lt rt, Tredey-Cooley		Shackett, qb qb, Kemp
Martin, lg		Stearns, (Hepworth), lhb lhb, McKean
Bailey, c	rg, Percy	Campbell, rhb rhb, Page
Morrill, (Low), rg	c, Paddock	Tewksbury, fb, (Cap.) fb, West
Sing, (Cross), rt	lg, Winch	Score. Pinkerton 81, Sanborn Sem., 0.
Blake, (Ross), re	lt, R. O'Sullivan	Touchdowns, Shackett 2, Stearns, Tewksbury 3, Campbell 6. Goals from touchdowns, Campbell 9. Referee, Blakey. Umpire, Knight. Head linesman, Weston. Timers, Dr. Z. Kemp and Reynolds.
Shackett, qb	le Higgins-Dyke	Time, four ten minute periods.
Stearns, lhb	qb, M. O'Sullivan-Powell	
Campbell, rhb		
Tewksbury, (Capt.), (Hepworth), fb		GIRL'S GYMNASIUM CLASS
	rhb, McEttrick- Dyke	A Girl's Gymnasium Class has been
	lhb, D. Chalmers	organized under the supervision of Miss
	fb, McEttrick-P. Chalmers	Manley. This class meets every Thursday afternoon and the time is devoted to
Score. Pinkerton 27, Allen 6. Touchdowns, Shackett, Tewksbury, Campbell 2. Dyke. Goals from touchdown, Campbell 3. Referee, Blakey. Umpire, Knight. Head linesman, Bergeron. Timer, Reynolds.		calisthenics and basket-ball.
		The class Captains are as follows:
		Marion Cogswell, '21; Evangeline Paquet, '20; Ethel Hawley, '19 and Zada Davidson, '18.

Little Mary Entertains the Caller With the Family Album

"Mary," said the older sister Molly, "I am expecting Mr. Greenwald, the new professor in mathematics at the High School, to call this afternoon about three o'clock. If I am not ready when he

comes, won't you please entertain him for a little while?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," grumbled Mary.

Mary left her sister and went out into the garden to play with Fido, her dog

Naturally, she was not over clean when they were tired of romping about. Mary had no idea what time it was until the clock boomed out three. Then it was a scamper to the house, where she looked out the parlor window. Much to the little imp's consternation, there was a young man, stylishly dressed, coming up the front walk. What was she to do? Her dress was fearfully dirty and she had no time to change it for a cleaner one.

The ringing of the bell interrupted her thoughts, however, so she had nothing to do but "face the music," as her brother Tom would have said. Very timidly she opened the door and ushered the young professor into the front parlor. It is needless to say that he was very much astonished at being met by a mischievous little girl, when he had expected to see Miss Molly.

Mary sweetly explained to him that her sister would be down in a short time and that her doggie had soiled her nice clean dress. How was she going to entertain this queer young man, thought Mary. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the family album on the table. She pounced upon it and, drawing a chair near the professor, proceeded to tell him the family history.

"This first picture," said Mary, "is of my great grandpa. He had a wooden leg and used an awful lot of snuff."

"Really!" said Mr. Greenwald.

"This picture on the opposite page is my great grandma. She had three pairs of false teeth, one pair for every day, another for second best and the other for best."

No remarks from the caller.

"The next one is of grandma and grandpa. You can't see the color of grandma's

dress, but it was purple with green and red dots in it, and grandpa's suit was pepper and salt with a brown and yellow vest. That was the style then, I s'pose."

The professor said nothing, but anyone except Mary, would have observed that his face was twitching suspiciously.

"This picture's of their youngest baby, uncle Maurice. He had the mumps, measles, whooping cough and chicken pox before he was two years old. I guess it affected him, too, because he looks like my poor little chick that's half dead, now."

"This fat woman is uncle Maurice's wife. It looks kind of funny to see uncle Maurice as a baby and aunt Mabel as a great, big lady, but uncle won't have his picture taken with her, because he says it would look ridiculous."

"My dear Miss Mary, pray do not tire yourself talking," said Mr. Greenwald.

"Oh, I'm not tired, I've just begun," replied Mary. "This little woman is papa's cousin's uncle's brother's first wife. Her name was Shaughnessy before she was married. Her little girl's name is Mehitable Violet Shaughnessy Ostriche."

Mr. Greenwald's face became || slightly purple at this.

"Let me see, I've most forgotten who this boy is. I guess that's my second cousin, Rosindale Lancelot. He went through the Grammar school in five years High school in two years and college in three. Then he got married and died, after being as smart as all that!"

"What was his ailment?" queried the young man.

"O, papa says that Rosindale's wife said that Rosindale had been soaring too high, so she attempted to settle him. Papa

says he don't believe it though, he thinks he was henpecked."

"Oh, I see," responded Mr. Greenwald.

"This big picture is of Auntie Sylvia. She is just too sweet for anything. She used to be a school teacher."

Mr. Greenwald nodded reflectively.

"This picture is one of papa's uncle's family. There are only fourteen in the picture, the rest were rich. Those two little children in the front are the twins. Their names are Theodore Percival and Theodora Percivala. Aren't these pretty names?"

"Very odd and original, I should say," responded the young man.

"Say, what's the matter with your mouth, Mr. Professor? It keeps moving and twitching."

"Nothing, nothing. Just a little matter of St. Vitus Dance," he replied.

"Gee, I didn't know any one ever had St. Vitus Dance in his face. This man with the long whiskers," said Mary, "had it in his feet. He wore out his shoes so fast that he had to have a new pair almost every week."

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said the young man.

"This is the picture of Molly's fiance," went on Mary, "he's got piles of money and lives in California. I heard Molly and him talking and laughing one day about school teachers. They said they were always stiff and funny, and Molly said the only reason she ever asked them to call, was so that she would get better marks. And—why, what's the matter, are you sick?"

"Oh, no, no, only I've just thought of an engagement that I could not possibly neglect. You may tell your sister that it was impossible for me to stay," answered Mr. Greenwald.

Mary very solemnly walked with him to the front gate, musing to herself coming back, "Now, I wonder what made him go so sudden, maybe the St. Vitus Dance was getting serious." As she entered the house, she encountered her sister coming down stairs. A sudden thought entered Mary's head, and when her sister asked where the professor was, Mary answered that he had not come.

To this day, Molly does not know why the professor of mathematics acts so coolly toward her.

I. A. R. '19.

Philomathean

Our debating society is composed of Juniors as well as Seniors. The Sophomores and Freshmen who have no lessons during the third period on Friday are cordially invited to attend our meetings. They are not called upon to speak but we hope they will come to hear what we have to say.

Most of our debators have graduated

and we are left with entirely new material. We certainly are making good progress. Many of our members are new and haven't practiced public speaking. Naturally they are rather shy but they are becoming used to it.

We have some very lively debates. There is great competition and rivalry between debators, especially when it comes

to the question of "Mental Superiority." Before the year's end we expect to turn out a group of especially well trained orators.

The winners and losers of the debates so far this year are:

Winners	Losers
Rudolph Colby, neg	Henry Ford, aff
Archie Hepworth, aft	Roy Avery, neg
Donald Stevens, aff	M. Stevenson, neg

Kneeland Low, aff Fletcher Watson, neg
 Lillian Reid, neg Emily Clark, aff
 Robert Plummer, aff Clinton Merrill, neg
 Lorna Stockdale, neg Francis Enslin, aff

Officers for First Term.

Lyman Shackett, Pres., Emily Clark,
 Vice-Pres., Louise Paradise, Sec., Henry
 Ford, 1st Marshall; Rudolph Colby, 2nd
 Marshall; Olga Raitt, 2nd Prudential;
 Donald Stevens, 3rd Prudential.

Writing a Theme

ESTHER BEAN, '18.

Every Tuesday night I sit down at a table with a sheet of blank paper before me. My despair when I gaze at it can not be described. I have written so many themes this year of our Lord 1917, that my brain, never prolific of ideas, has become barren.

I gaze at the ceiling, at the floor; then I get a drink of water. I sit down again, sigh, and try to think, I write a line. For instance, 'Last Thursday I went for a walk,' but that will not do. I have written about five walks this year. Walks are thread-worn subjects any way. Again I try. 'One dark and gloomy night last November.' A good sentence, but what to write next I do not know.

At last I am seized with a brilliant

thought. I write a theme on my paper, pick it up, and read it. Alas! it is exposition, not narration. I tear it up. I think of a story, write it down on my next sheet of paper, and find that it covers only thirteen lines, just half the page. Literal facts like that pain me deeply, but I cannot help it.

I often wish I could write larger. I lost that art when a child, and have never recovered it. Finally I write down a narrative theme. The next day my sheet of paper, blank no longer, is passed back. It is adorned thus, in the upper left hand side: B—c t. At the bottom is written, 'Too common place to be interesting! Cross your t's and dot your i's.'

Facts about the Class of 1818

G. C. '18.

Roy Avery—Most dignified boy.

Esther Bean—Wisest girl in the class.

Robert Beckley—Nearly married.

Mary Brown—Girl changed the least.

Franklin Cooper—Class artist.

Howard Campbell—Most popular boy.

Emily Clark—Smartest girl.

Gladys Childs—Best all around girl.

Zada Davidson—Best natured girl.

Henry Ford—Class cut up.

Ruth Hall—Brightest girl.

Natalie Hazeltine—Most valuable girl to class.

Elwin Nutt—Most modest boy.

Louise Paradise—Class dancing teacher.

Olga Raitt—Most dignified girl.

Lillian Reid—Class baby.

Benjamin Stevens, Donald Stevens—The most bashful boys.

Virginia Stevens—Most bashful girl.

Bernadette Durette—Most modest girl.

Robert Plummer—Best natured boy.

The Crow



Caw! Caw! Caw!
Dear student and faculty,
I give you a most hearty
welcome to dear old Pinkerton
and hope you have
a very happy and suc-
cessful new year.

This has been a very
lonesome summer and
you may be sure that I
was glad enough to see

you dear boys and girls coming up over
the hill the first morning of school. Many
changes have taken place since a year
ago. Some of our brave boys are with
Uncle Sam and others are filling responsi-
ble positions. Two of our girls who live
near by have married and one has gone
away. Some day I shall fly out to Cali-
fornia if I get the time.

Many new students have been up in the
belfry to see me and I wish that more
might come. The view is really worth
while. I sleep a great deal lately because
it is so quiet here. In the last few years
my sleep has been very much broken up.
I would no more get my head under my
wing, than a hideous noise would rumble
up to me and of course I had to investi-
gate it. It was usually either some boy
trying to drop his companion out of a

second story-window or a member of the
basement A. A. riding the goat. Such
barbarous indulgencies have been done
away with.

Of course I am always the most inter-
ested in the Freshies and Seniors. The
Freshmen seem to be a very nice class
although very green at first as was shown
at the reception. They parted their hair
in the middle and wore beautiful green
crepe-paper ties. But it is about the
Seniors I am most worried. I could not
find any at all. Finally I came across a
group of little tots in room six and lo! it
was the '18 class. Even now I sometimes
have to put on my specs to find them in
chapel.

The annual Corn Roast was surely a
unique little affair. I, of all persons,
never knew a thing about it until I was
rudely awakened by the ringing of the
chapel bell. I then looked down to the
ground and saw the Seniors enjoying their
Corn-Roast (who knows?) within the
safety of the campus and loving, protect-
ing arms of the Faculty. This is the first
Corn Roast to be held at the school and
a glorious, honorable example it was, that
the '18 class set for the classes to follow.
At 10 o'clock the revelers trotted home
and to bed.

The Seniors did themselves justice at their reception to the Freshmen. Everyone said they "had an awful good time." I was so glad to see some of the Alumni back and so many parents.

One of the prettiest parties I have ever attended was the Sophomore's Hallowe'en Social. I had overheard a lot of talk about it so Friday night I peeked over the railing to see what I could see. There on the steps were two misty white ghosts floating around. My curiosity was surely aroused at this and I flew down into chapel. Here I found big, lighted pumpkins glaring at me thru the dusk, for the Sophomore's had forgotten to turn on the lights. And the refreshments that were

served, Caw-aw; you may be sure I stayed for some cider and doughnuts.

Do you know I was sunning myself and some of the funniest little squeeks kept coming up to me from chapel.? I stood it as long as I could and then went down to see what strange bird had gotten into school. There lined up in chapel was the "Girl's Glee Club" trying to sing Hawaiian songs in Hawaiiin.

I heard this morning that our English teacher was going to leave. I am very sorry and I have heard almost all the students express sincere regrets at losing such an able teacher. And everyone wishes him the best of success.

The Frozen Lake

ELEANOR GOLDSMITH,

Last night as I was returning from school I was interested in watching the car chase the bright flashes of moonlight along the rails. We were always chasing them but never quite catching them.

When we reached the lake I glanced out of the window expecting to see the same picture of the lake that I had observed every night before his fall. Instead of the deep blue, with tiny waves lapping on the sand, the entire surface was a dull gray. The wind had rippled the water when it was freezing, and made little ridges which looked as soft loam that has been raked over. Before the lake had really frozen over, the waves had washed up tiny chips of ice, and, depositing them upon the sand, had made a narrow ridge, which looked like a miniature chain of

snow covered mountains along the beach.

That frozen white foam looked so soft and feathery in the moonlight!

After turning the corner below the pavilion, the car faced north, and then at my left was the pond, and the western sky which had been red, but which was now rapidly turning a paler and paler gold. Along the opposite shore was a thick growth of pine-trees; but there was one place where there were several pines a little apart from one other,--and it was behind this particular spot that the sun had set. Those pines stretched their long branches both ways, and through the limbs could be seen the golden sky. There is something majestic about a pine tree, with the gorgeous color of sunset behind it.

The moon had risen high, and by the time the sun had set it was shining with a cold and silent light on the ice-covered lake. It made a bright pathway across the ice, which was very wide and white on

this side, and diminishing to a tiny point on the farther shore. That path of moonlight pointed directly to the several pines standing high and mighty against the palest of golden skies.

ALUMNI



Oct. 29, 1917.

Dear Sister:—

I am still writing to you and the folks at home, without receiving a letter from any of you. As I understand there is a big holdup on mail coming from the states on account of some little mixup. I think we will be straightened out in a short time. I certainly hope so as I have not heard a word from anyone since I left the states. I'll have some kind of a fit when I do get a letter from home

Well I am feeling fine as usual

We have had two more days of rain, and it certainly was a cold one, and the latter part of yesterday afternoon we had quite a heavy snow squall, which signifies what is fast approaching. I suppose you are looking for the same thing in the states. The funny part comes in over here that the leaves are just commencing to fall. The farmers over here have just about completed their harvesting. They have some of the finest potatoes that I have ever seen. They also raise hundreds of some kind of mangels which they feed to the cattle. All I have seen in the line of garden produce,

with the exception of "spuds" are these mangels. Ask Pa, he will tell you what they are, I really never saw them before. The farmers here have some fine cows and horses. Some of their horses are among the best I have ever seen.

My speech in French has made little or no improvement since I wrote my last letter. I will be walking along or stop somewhere and a Frenchman or a French woman will commence to say something in French of course, and I will listen for a while until he or she waits a while for me to answer, and all I can do or say is to smile or laugh and say "Oui". This is a very pleasant sensation. It makes you feel as though you would like to beat it somewhere or holler for help. I run up against this two or three times a day, and so now all I do is to throw up my hands in the air, shrug my shoulders and say "Ne comprend" and pass on.

I have got so now I can figure in French money as well as U. S., but when I just landed and got some of my money changed into French coin and paper, they were as dense to me as Chinese writing. When I went to buy anything I would

hand out a handful of money that looked as though I had about fifty dollars, and when I counted it it amounted to about fifty cents, and the clerk in the store would take whatever the article cost. I do not have to do this now as I can count French money myself.

I suppose you are all looking forward to Thanksgiving, I know I am, but it does me little good as I will not be able to be

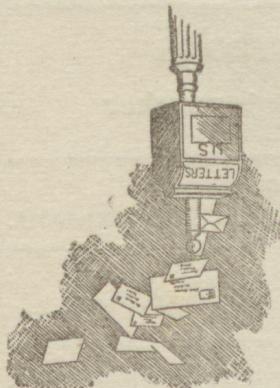
with you or enjoy a dinner that would compare with the one at home, so all I can do is to think of you on Thanksgiving day.

Well, I guess I have said my bit; so will close hoping to hear from you soon,

With love from Bud.
H. H. Bloomfield,

Address,

Field Hospital No. 1-26 Div. A. E. F.
France; via, New York.



Exchange Department

E. C. '18.

The Exchanges of this term are very few because we changed our paper last year to an annual. Those that we have received have been very interesting. We

gladly welcome them and hope that there will be more for the next issue of our paper. Come again, Exchanges of last year, and we will be very glad to greet you.

Think for a Minute

Hep '19	C. C. '21	Tony '20	F. I. H. '20	E. F. C. '18	Ray '20
Iaay '19	N. W. B. '21	R. H. R. '19	Brad '19	Lill '18	S. M. C. '17
Eph '19	C. O. '21	E. G. L. '20	A. W. G. '20	E. M. B. '18	E. E. K. '17
K. I. '19	A. E. B. '20	H. W. '20	L. E. S. '19	M. J. A. '19	Bob '18
V. M. C. '19	A. R. H. '20	Pewee '20	M. L. W. '19	Y. L. B. '19	J. W. '16
Lou '18	E. E. C. '20	M. R. B. '21	O. C. R. '18	R. E. B. '19	R. M. E. '19
Nat '18	E. D. P. '20	Shine '21	B. V. D. '19	S. B. '21	L. R. F. '19
F. B. C. '18	M. R. A. '20	S. B. '21	R. N. P. '18	M. I. B. '19	M. P. R. '19
Babe '19	B. E. C. '20	D. B. '21	V. D. '21	L. M. B. '19	R. C. '19
H. W. '19	D. E. F. '21	L. B. '21	V. B. '21	A. M. B. '18	Siras '18
I. A. R. '19	R. L. P. '21	R. A. B. '18	L. B. '21	W. C. '19	"Glad" '18
M. B. '20	Gin '18	Zip '20			

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LOBE—DECEMBER 2, 1917

PINKERTON TEAM LOST ONLY ONE GAME

Began Season With Only Five Regulars But Came Fast,
Rolling Up Big Scores



Back Row, Left to Right—Coach Connors; Hepworth, lhb; Campbell, rhb; Beckley, lt; Lowe, rg; Morrill, rg; Stearns, lhb; Nutt, le; Martin, lg. / Front Row—Blake, re; Ross, re; Sing, rt; Madden, lt; Sakacett, qb; Neal, le; Bailey, c; Cross, rt. In Centre—Tewksbury.

PINKERTON ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE

DERRY, N H, Dec 1—The Pinkerton Academy football team has closed a very successful season. Wilbur Tewksbury was captain; Lyman Shackett, manager, and Joseph Connor of Manchester, the coach.

The Pinkerton team lost only one game. The team scored 241 points and only 19 points were scored against it. The team began the season with only five regulars, Neal, Tewksbury, Shackett, Stearns and Beckley.

The games played were as follows:

Pinkerton 28, Baptist Athletic Association of Manchester, N H, 0; Pinkerton 7, Puchard 13; Pinkerton 33, Johnson 0; Pinkerton 27, Methuen H. S. 0; Pinkerton 38, Amesbury H. S. 0; Pinkerton 27, Allen School 6; Pinkerton 81, Sanborn Seminary 0.

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